OXFORD OBSERVER

VOL. III.] NORWAY, (Maine,) WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 16, 1827. [NO 150.

MISCELLANY.

THE BRIDAL ROBE.

"Pretty goings on indeed," cried Mrs. Bruggemann, addressing her daughter; "I'll warrant me old Hans Kettler's coffers will soon be emptied by that reprobate prodigal son of his! There's to be a grand feast of the tip-toe Burgesses, forsooth, and the serving men have all got new liveries, that would be fit for the retinue of the Duke of Burgundy himself. They are rolling in the hampers and barrels of wine as if it was so much water; nothing but the best vintage will go down it seems, with this dainty gentleman. The viands are all of the finest and most costly descriptions, and there have been two extra cooks hired to dress the dinner: while here am I, who little thought, when I married Mr. Bruggemann, the senior partner in the firm, of coming to distress, obliged to fag hard all day long for little more than a dry crust, and to see you working your fingers to the bone to keep life and soul together. I have no patience when I look at that ungrateful Maurice Kettler, and think of all that my husband did for his family, raising them out of the dirt, as one may say." "Nay, but dear mother," returned Lena, "Maurice is in all probability ignorant of the benefit which his father received from mine, and you know that it was not the elder Kettler's fault that the partnership was dissolved. We must strive to forget the errors of one so deservedly dear to us; yet justice compels me to remind you, that my poor father's tenacious adherence to a tenacious system, was the sole cause of our misfortunes; had he taken Kettler's advice, our circumstances would have been as flourishing as those of his son."

Lena's mild remonstrance was lost upon her mother. She continued to gaze from the narrow window of the mean apartment which she occupied over an out-house, looking upon Maurice Kettler's new mansion and gardens in the suburb of the city, to comment upon the luxury, profligacy, and extravagance of their neighbor, and to lament over her own fallen fortunes. The theme was particularly distressing to Lena; she felt the hardships of her lot very severely, but, resigned to the will of heaven, and depending upon a gracious Providence, she earnestly endeavored to banish discontent from her mind. Bending over the embroidering frame, to which she devoted herself with indefatigable industry, she strove to fix all her attention upon the flowers which sprang up beneath her creative fingers. This state of quietude, however, was not permitted; Mrs. Bruggemann's continual exclamations disturbed her meditative thoughts. Not a fowl, or a ham, or a quarter of venison could pass through Kettler's gate, without exciting animadversion.—"Oh!" cried the old lady, vexed at Lena's unruffled composure, "if people were honorable and kept their contracts, you would have been the mistress of all this magnificence; but there is no chance of that now; yon fine gentleman must needs match himself with nobility, and his marriage with Miss Cunegonde, Baron Hodenberg's daughter, is all the talk, go where one will."

Poor Lena suppressed the sigh which swelled her gentle breast at this speech. She remembered the time when Maurice Kettler delighted to call her his little wife; indeed, so strongly had the solemnity of the engagement, entered into in more prosperous times between the two families, been impressed upon her young mind, that it was with difficulty she could fancy the possibility of its being dissolved. She tried to exonerate Maurice from all blame: he probably had not heard the subject mentioned so often; and, sent away very young to attend to his father's mercantile concerns at Antwerp, he might have forgotten those idle words which she had cherished in her heart of hearts. It was during the absence of Maurice in Holland that old Bruggemann withdrew from the firm, and, pursuing some very hazardous speculations, lost all his property, and died of a broken heart. In the interim Hans Kettler amassed great wealth, which he bequeathed to his only son, who returned from Antwerp after a residence of eight years, to take possession of his inheritance. Lena heard of the expected arrival of her beloved playmate with delight; he had been the partner of all her infant sports, her tutor, and her guide; she loved him with undivided affection, for his place had never been supplied by any new connexion, either male or female: as Mrs. Bruggemann maintained a decent pride in her adversity, and though abandoned by her old acquaintance, refused to associate with the mean people who composed the circle around her. Upon the decease of her husband, the distressed widow retired with her daughter to a cheap lodging in the outskirts of the city, where, by spinning and embroidery, they earned a scanty subsistence. The tenement which afforded them shelter was built, as before described, against the wall of a spacious garden; and when they first took possession, the demesne having been long uninhabited, was exceedingly quiet and secluded. Lena liked the spot: after she had finished her day's work, when she found leisure to inhale the fresh air from her window, the whole place in its solitude seemed to belong to her; and she the less regretted the loss of her own flowers, since she could gaze upon the luxuriant though untrimmed blossoms of the parterres below. Both mother and daughter, from the first moment of their misfortunes, cherished a secret hope that Maurice Kettler would fulfil his early engagement, and restore them to their former situation in life. Mrs. Bruggemann had, however, the prudence to make some attempts to conceal this expectation; and Lena was too modest to confess how fully she relied on the promises, made by a boy of fourteen to a girl of ten years old. when sustaining a bitter disappointment in the neglect of the young merchant, who returned to his native place without making any inquiry concerning his old friends, she still remained silent, and would gladly have avoided the subject altogether. But she was not suffered to grieve over her blighted hopes in secret: the vexation of her injudicious parent was ungovernable; she scolded and fretted herself into a fever: and the agitation of her spirits, when beginning to subside, was revived again by an unfortunate circumstance. Maurice Kettler, unaware of the place of Mrs. Bruggemann's retreat, had become the purchaser of the adjoining house and land. Lena now felt much difficulty in tranquilizing the emotions which disturbed her bosom's peace. She could not approach the lattice without catching a glimpse of Maurice. Tall, graceful, and finely proportioned, he still retained the beautiful lineaments which she had so well remembered. His thoughtless good humor, and unbounded liberality, were likewise unaltered; and he seemed changed only in his forgetfulness of her. She was also much distressed by the incessant complaints of her mother. Seldom lifting her thoughts above this world, Mrs. Bruggemann never ceased to bewail the change in her circumstances; and, totally unconscious of her own unworthiness, presumed to charge Heaven with injustice in permitting the visitation of so many heavy afflictions. Lena's pious feelings were continually shocked by the utterance of the revolting sentiments of an unregenerate mind, and she vainly tried to inculcate the holy precepts of the gospel, and to bring her nearest and dearest relative to a sense of the divine goodness. Sometimes, in order to sooth her mother's irritability, she would throw up her fine eyes to Heaven, pronounce her conviction that better days would ensue; and though she, in common with all true Christians, looked only to a future state for the enjoyment of pure felicity, yet, depending upon an omnipotent power, she did not despair of attaining happiness on earth.

In addition to her other disquietudes, poor Lena's ideas of propriety were cruelly outraged by the vulgar pleasure which Mrs. Bruggemann derived in watching and commenting upon every thing that passes at her neighbor's; but, too dutiful to reprove the mere follies and mistakes of a parent, she endured the annoyance in silence, striving to subdue her own vexation at the incorrigible dispostion which forbade all hope of domestic peace.

The wassail and banqueting at the great house were without end; and every night a brilliant illumination shone from the windows, and the sound of revelry and merriment penetrated Lena's distant apartment. Often, too, when the bright moon tipped the trees with silver, a joyous party feasted in the stately garden. Lovers might be seen stealing away through the bleached alleys, chequered only by the rays which came dancing through the waving branches of flowering shrubs; and Maurice Kettler, the life and soul of the entertainment, doing the honors to all his guests, while he lavished the most flattering attentions upon one. Lena, tired of contention, sometimes suffered herself to be dragged to the window on these occasions; and she struggled hard with her feelings when surveying the haughty airs and disdainful manners of the beautiful Cunegonde. Might she not feel glad, to see how small a chance of happiness there was for Maurice in his ambitious choice?—No, no: she was too gentle, too kind, too forgiving, to indulge a sentiment so inimical to her angelic disposition; and she grieved at the indications of an imperious temper which the intended bride continually displayed. Mrs. Bruggemann, vexed that she could find very few faults in the personal appearance of the lady, and somewhat awed by her proud looks and scornful gestures, openly rejoiced at the prospect of wedded infelicity which awaited the merchant. The gossipping dame's attention was, however, soon called off from the affairs of others by the pressure of poverty at home. She could not find any sale for her yarn; and there was far less demand than heretofore for her daughter's embroidery. Lena bore the privations which their lessened profits entailed upon them with her usual patient sweetness. She toiled from morning until night, devising new patterns, which she trusted would please the eyes of the rich maidens of the city, and bring fresh customers for her needlework; but the trade grew duller and duller, and want absolutely stared her in the face. "What are become of all your fine predictions now, Lena?" cried Mrs. Bruggemann. "We are likely to starve, I think, before this mighty good fortune, which is to come from nobody knows where, arrives. Ah, you may talk as you will, but it is all destiny; some folks are born to be lucky, while others, far more deserving, are doomed to eat the bread of bitterness all the days of their lives. If there was any thing except a blind chance in the affairs of this world, how comes it that Maurice Kettler rolls in money, while you want common necessaries?"

Lena's confidence in Heaven was not slackened by these and similar speeches; she prayed more fervently than ever, and replied with mildness, yet with firmness, to the coarse sarcasms levelled at her religious faith. A new trial soon called for all her fortitude. Her mother, in rumaging an old chest, found a menorandum in the handwriting of her deceased husband, stating the loan of twenty rix-dollars to Hans Kettler. The date was subsequent to the dissolution of partnership, and she knew that if it had ever been repaid, Bruggemann, who was proverbially exact in his accounts, would have carefully acknowledged the receipt in the same document. Delighted with the chance of recovering a sum which would place her in comparative ease, the old woman determined to present the paper to Maurice Kettler, and trust to his honor to liquidate the the debt. This resolution was very grating to Lena; she shrank from the idea of being under an obligation to a man who had so decidedly neglected her, and could not endure the thought of making her poverty an excuse for advancing a claim which the law probably would not allow. The most abject destitution would have seemed less revolting to her than such a mode of relief; but she felt that she had no right to make her mother participate in the endurance of evils, which might be avoided by the sacrifice of feelings, perchance too lofty for her station; and, finding a faint opposition unavailable, she gave up the point.

Mrs. Bruggemann, pleased that her errand would afford her an excuse for the gratification of her curiosity, in the survey of the interior of her rich neighbor's house, bustled away, though not without a grumbling prophecy that she should get her labor for her pains.—Only that Lena would have grieved to hear that Maurice could behave ungenerously, she almost wished that he would refuse to listen to the application. Her mother was absent a tedious time, but she came home at last in high good humor. "Well, Lena," said she, placing a well-filled purse upon the table, "after all, the young man is better disposed towards us than we imagined. What a house he has got! what tapestry hangings! You shall not see finer in all Arras. And then the gold and silver plate, and the china! you would bless your stars to reckon up the costly things that he has collected together. However, as I was saying, he received me as it were with open arms; though, what with time, and fretting, and poor living, and the alteration in my dress, he did not recollect me until I mentioned my name.—'Tis no wonder; for instead of this mean grogram stuff, I used to wear rich taffeta silks at three crowns an ell, the finest of cambrics, and a long scarlet cardinal of English wool inlaid with a lace of gold a finger's depth. But where did I leave off? Oh, Maurice was quite aghast when he heard of our distress, for somebody had told him that we lived with a rich relation at Namur, and were well to do in the world. I could not dissuade him from opening a bottle of wine solely and expressly for me; none of the common sort, but real Hungarian, such as I never tasted even in Mr. Bruggemann's time; and he inquired for you, Lena, and asked if you were married. No, no, says I, these are not the days for poor maidens to get husbands; she might, to be sure, have been the spouse of a thriving tanner, but she could not stoop so low, so she is single, and likely to be, for people in her own rank in life look higher." "Oh, mother," cried Lena. "Well, well, child!" returned Mrs. Bruggemann, "there was no harm done. I thought he blushed, as well he might; but he is like to prove a good friend to us, and I see no use in refusing the cash which fortune may throw in our way, out of a silly pride. We may have done with pride, I think, when we have scarcely bread to eat. I suppose not less than six families are fed with the broken meat from Kettler's table—but he was too polite, remembering what we had been, to offer me any thing like an alms, and so he asked me to accept a pig and some poultry, and stuff from his garden and stables to fat them with, which will be exceedingly helpful, you know, to keep the wolf from the door. Let me see, the eggs will fetch a pretty good price, and neighbor Schlutter will give me the full value of the pig, at Christmas. But, bless me! I had like to have forgot—Maurice says he is to be married very shortly, and that he will ask Miss Hodenberg to employ you in the embroidery of her bridal robe."

This was the climax. Poor Lena with difficulty restrained her tears: every word that her mother had spoken was a dagger in her heart, but she carefully concealed her distress; she could not bear that her weakness should be known even to a parent, and trembled least any accident should reveal the tender, the impassioned feelings which in despite of the hopelessness of her attachment, she cherished for Maurice Kettler. She had loved him from her earliest childhood, and now that she had continual opportunities of observing him unseen, the apparent excellence of his disposition, his fine person and frank demeanor, increased the prepossession in his favor, and rendered him the sole object of her earthly wishes.

The pig and the fowls were duly delivered, together with sundry other presents, and Maurice sent word that he would call the next morning and see his old playfellow, and bring Miss Hodenberg with him, to choose the adornments of her nuptial attire. Lena rose early, and put her apartment in trim order with a heavy heart. Almost unconsciously she took more than ordinary pains with her own attire, which, always neat and simple, was very becoming to her fair face and slender form. She bound her bright tresses with knots of blue ribband, and laced her boddice with the same. At the appointed hour the haughty Cunegonde came sweeping in, attended by her lover. Lena though extremely agitated, could not help observing the look of admiration and surprise which Maurice cast upon her. It did not escape the quick eyes of his affianced bride, and she shewed her displeasure by an instantaneous alteration in her temper; the smiles disappeared from her scornful lips, she scanned the mean dwelling with a haughty glance, found fault with the poor girl's most exquisitely wrought embroidery, and gave her a strict charge to take more pains with the workmanship of the robe, which, after changing her mind a thousand times, she at last selected; and then, as if glad that the irksome duty of patronizing the unfortunate was at an end, flounced out of the room. Maurice lingered behind to say a kind word, but Cunegonde called to him to open the lower door, and he took a hasty leave. Thus ended the dreaded interview; and Lena, having despatched her mother to purchase the materials for the bridal garment, wept long and bitterly; even when seated at her wearisome occupation she could scarcely repress the starting tears, or prevent the drops which would fall, in despite of all her efforts, from soiling the delicate web, and tarnishing the rich foliage of silver which she spread over its glossy surface. She devoted herself day and night to the task, in her anxiety to finish it by the appointed time, and therefore knew nothing of what was passing at Maurice Kettler's house, excepting through the medium of her mother, whose whole amusement consisted in watching the premises, and calculating the expense of the various articles which were continually brought by porters to the gate.

Lena learned with grief from Mrs. Bruggemann's report, that constantly surrounded by dissipated companions, Maurice pursued his thoughtless career; wasting his time and his money in riotous living. Cunegonde seemed to exist only in a crowd, and there was little chance that marriage would effect a reformation in his household. Suddenly the sorrowing girl's attention was aroused by the intelligence of a striking alteration which had taken place in the neighboring edifice. Deserted by its late jovial guests; half the windows closely shut up, the porch unswept, and the garden neglected, it looked quite forlorn. The servants instead of bustling about in their flaming liveries, now seldom showed themselves, or appeared in dishabille, and answered the sulky creditors, who supplied the place of gayer company, with a crest fallen and dejected air. Losses by land and by sea poured in upon Maurice Kettler: he had wasted his capital in luxurious feasting, and after a fruitless effort to retrieve his affairs, he was proclaimed a bankrupt.

"Well! to see the changes and chances of this world," said Mrs. Bruggemann, as, fatigued by walking to the fartherest part of the city, she returned the identical parcel containing the bridal robe, which Lena had packed with infinite care, into her daughter's hands. "I have been all the way up to the Baron's," continued the loquacious matron, "and met with a smart rebuff from Madam Cunegonde. It is all off, it seems, between her and Maurice; and she has refused to take the manteau and kyrtle, which you have almost lost your eyesight in making worthy of a queen. Nor will she pay for the materials, or allow you the lightest compensation for your labor. I think she must have a spite towards you, Lena; for by what I could see she need not despair of requiring a wedding robe. There was one of the emperor's knights in the chamber; and they jeered finely together about the downfall of upstart Burghers. It is plain that she never cared a single doit for Maurice, and now he has lost his wealth, he may starve in a prison without giving her the slightest concern."

There seemed too great reason to apprehend that this would be the thoughtless merchant's fate. His property, diminished by unforeseen disasters, was insufficient to meet half his engagments; the extravagance of his conduct had left him few friends; and the whole city was filled with the clamorous outcry of malignant tongues. Lena wept for the misfortunes of her early friend, and felt an anxious wish to console him in his afflictions; but he kept aloof from the widow's apartments, ashamed perhaps to visit in adversity those whom he had neglected in more felicitous circumstances; for Cunegonde's jealousy would not permit him to renew his intimacy with his lovely playmate. The mansion, lately one blaze of light, now frowned darkly upon the surrounding scene when evening drew its shadows over the sky. One solitary taper shed a faint ray from the chamber of Maurice Kettler, and shewed the anxious haggard countenance which bent over a heap of papers: the servants were all discharged; and the house, dismantled, only afforded a shelter from the weather to a man accustomed to recline upon silken carpets, and to be canopied by the manufacture of the most celebrated looms of the Netherlands. He still, however, remained upon sufferance in the mansion which had been the scene of his revels, there being some difficulty in procuring a purchaser. In the interim things were not going on very prosperously with Lena. Mrs. Bruggemann had suffered herself to be persuaded to lend out the rix dollars which Maurice had paid her, upon interest, to a smooth-spoken neighbor, who cheated his creditors and made off with the money; the fowls and the pig were now to be fed at their own expense; and, disappointed of obtaining a customer for the bridal robe, Lena received no compensation for the cost of the splendid materials, or for the loss of her time in the workmanship. While sitting one morning in a pensive mood at her needle, she was surprised by the visit of an elderly stranger, a wayfaring looking man, apparently just returned from the East, who introduced himself as Casper Kettler, the uncle of Maurice, and a person whom she recollected having heard her father say had applied to him, when refused by his sordid kinsman, for money to make a voyage to India: The old man had returned laden with wealth; and, hearing an exaggerated account of his nephew's misdoings, he repaired to the mean dwelling of the Bruggemanns, where, doubly enraged to find the widow and the daughter of his benefactor in so friendless and destitute a situation, he vowed that he would make Lena his

heir, and leave the ungreatful spendthrift to the consequences of his own extravagant folly. Mrs. Bruggemann was fortunately from home, and could not interfere to check the work of mercy. Maurice found an eloquent advocate in the gentle Lena; she palliated the fault, which she could not deny; justified him from every false accusation; excused his neglect of herself, by pleading his ignorance of her forlorn condition, until the state of his own affairs demanded his whole attention; and finally so wrought upon the feelings of her admiring guest, that he promised to forget all past grievances, and to assist his nephew to emerge from his present difficulties. The old man was somewhat of a humorist: he returned to the inn where he had taken up his abode without making his arrival and intentions known to Maurice, telling Lena that she should be the channel of this agreeable intelligence to the man who would owe all his unmerited good-fortune to her generous exertions.

Maurice Kettler, she knew, was not within; and never did the gentle girl watch more anxiously for his appearance; he came at last, but his step was hurried, and every feature convulsed with agony. Almost afraid to approach him in this dismal mood, she stole softly into the garden, whither she had never ventured before, and saw him pour the contents of a paper which he drew from his breast into a goblet, and then rush towards a fountain which threw its limpid waters in bright columns into a basin below. Apprehensive that he meditated self-destruction, she ran swiftly along the turf, and catching his arm just as he had raised the deadly draught to his lips, dashed the poisoned chalice on the ground: then, like a guardian angel, bent over him, pointed out the fearful nature of the crime he meditated, and having tranquillized his mind with religious consolation, told the joyful news of his amended prospects. Kneeling together on the grass, the maiden and the repentant prodigal returned their fervent thanks to heaven for the mercies they had received.

The rumor of old Kettler's riches, and his kind intentions towards his nephew, turned the tide in favor of Maurice: the most inexorable creditor now offered to give him time for the settlement of his affairs, and he was soon able to hold up his head amongst his fellow merchants.

Lena, endowed with a rich portion, bestowed her hand upon her early love, and appeared at church all radiant in the bridal robe, which had cost her so many tears.

General Intelligence.

Hayti.—Letters from Cape Haytien are to the 25th of March. The people were rejoicing at the arrival of the British Consul General Mackenzie, at that place, and the British corvette Harlequin. They hoped soon to see an American vessel of war there. Mr. Brice, the Am. Commercial Agent, had arrived from Baltimore in the schr. Mt. Vernon—and it was reported a Consul General was coming from the United States. President Boyer continued to heap honors on M. Backer, who was previously overloaded with them.

Boston Pal.

Colombia.—Bolivar, as we learn by a passenger in the brig Athenian, was at Caraccas—poor, almost penniless. Santander, on the other hand, is stated as being in the interior, in wealth. At Carthagena, great distress prevailed; the frigates had been dismantled, and their crews discharged in a starving condition. The misery of these, added to that of others in the place, drove them to commit robberries at every hazard—even in the open day. Our informant was attacked in a street in that city, at an early hour in the evening, by a sturdy fellow, with a knife, who demanded his money—but the conduct of the person he assailed, and the weapon he displayed in return, compelled him to make a precipitate retreat. In a word, the fortunes of Colombia appear to be at the very lowest ebb. Our next account from this unhappy country will be looked for with the deepest and most painful interest. A fearful crisis is evidently at hand.

N. Y. Gazette.

St. Johns, N. B. April 12.—We believe the best informed people, even those who have been desirous of maintaining amicable relations between G. Britain and the U. States, begin to be somewhat sceptical on this point. The present misunderstanding between the two countries, on the subjects of the Colonial Trade, and the Boundary Line, together with some other questions which must be agitated between them in the course of this and the next year, confirm us in the opinion that it is both our duty and our interest to be prepared for the worst, while we have an opportunity of endeavoring to do so.

City Gazette.

Fatal Effects of Intemperance.—On Tuesday night of last week, a man of the name of Burr, with his wife and 6 ch., formerly living in this place, but for the last year or two living at Hempstead, went to bed in a state of inebriety. Some time in the night, a sense of suffocation aroused the father, who perceived something on fire; he arose, and procuring some water, extinguished the fire, and returned again to bed. In the morning, when he awoke, he found his wife lying in the fire-place *burned to death*!—her head, one arm, and one leg were burnt off! When they retired to bed, some liquor was left in a bottle—in the morning it was empty—it is supposed she got up and drank what remained, sat on a chair by the fire, and fell in it. Her remains were interred on Thursday last.

Last winter, two paupers, belonging to the same place, were found frozen to death, having been the evening before very much intoxicated. Such examples of the effects of intemperance we rejoice do not often become our duty to record.—*Jamaica (L. I.) Farmer.*

Taunton, May 2.

Fire.—A house, occupied by a man named Dingley, near Hick's meeting-house, in Dartmouth, was destroyed by fire on Friday night last, and an elderly man, named Beeden, burnt to death.—Five or six others in the house escaped with much difficulty. The house had a bad reputation in the neighborhood, and little doubt is entertained but it was set on fire; and it is believed the incendiaries had surrounded the house with shavings and set fire to them. The doors and windows were made fast by the incendiaries before they set fire to the combustible materials with which the house was surrounded. The bones of the sufferer were discoverd among the rubbish in the morning.

The Philadelphia Gazette is of opinion that our differences with G. Britain on the subject of the Colonial trade will have an important effect on the general policy of the two countries in relation to various other points which must shortly come under discussion. The question of peace or war hangs upon it.

B. Pal.

Information is wanted of DELAVAN HARFORD, of Wilton, Con. who is absent from home. The life and character of his mother and brother may depend on obtaining information, as they are suspected of having murdered him.

Delavan was about 20 years of age, partially deranged, light complexion, rather under middle size, stammered in his speech, and was much in the habit of talking loud when by himself.

TEMPEST AT THE WEST.

A hurricane has swept over a part of the western country, by which much damage has been felt in the villages, forests and fields, and upon the waters. It occurred the 26th of April.

In Geneva, the Editor of the Gazette says it was—

"The most violent and destructive hurricane ever experienced here. A number of buildings in the village sustained more or less injury by the blowing down of chimneys, battlements, &c. among which we enumerate the following:—the roofs, battlements, and chimneys of two of Tillman & Meech's new brick buildings in Seneca street, adjoining Mr. Stafford's store, occasioned damage to a considerable amount. The south battlements of Doctor Hortsen's house, adjoining our store and office—dashing in a skylight in the roof and four other of our windows looking into the alley, and throwing quantities of brick and rubbish into our house, from the roof to the cellar—a rear chimney of the brick building attached to the hotel—part of the gable end of Dr. McDonal's dwelling in Maine-street, and of the building lately occupied by Mr. Reynolds, in Water-street, each from the apex of the roof to the garret floor:—Also the battlements and chimneys of one end of Mr. Nares' new brick tavern on the beach of the Lake. The entire sugar camp of Mr. Bills, in that town, consisting of about 200 prime maple trees, was prostrated to the ground, as also fences and trees in all directions; and we have reason to believe the ravages of the storm have been very extensive."

At Canandaigua, the violence of the wind was unprecedented, but the Editor of the Repository had not heard of any damage being sustained except by the farmers in the destruction of their fences, large quantities of which were levelled to the ground.

In Genesee, we are informed by the Livingston Journal, that it was

"One of the most severe gales of wind ever recollected in that vicinity. The gale continued at intervals through the night, and, we learn, besides destroying fences and prostrating forest trees, either wholly or in part demolished many barns, sheds, &c. In the village several chimneys were blown off, and one of the buildings erecting by Messrs. Warner and Curtiss for the High School, and a brick building lately erected by Mr. S. F. Butler, were considerably injured by the falling of a part of the walls. A Mr. Benjamin Bailey of Leicester, was much injured by the falling of a limb of a tree, while returning from a field. The limb struck him upon the head and so severely fractured his skull as to leave for a while little hopes of his recovery."

The Rochester Daily Advertiser says:—

"The effects of the gale of Thursday night are visible along the roads. Very many trees were torn up by the roots, and in some instances the roads were obstructed by the fallen timber. Several chimneys and unfinished frame buildings were slightly injured. There were 'hair breadth 'scapes,' but no accidents to "man or beast." It was nevertheless 'a fearful night,' as a Caledonian would say."

"At Lewistown, the roof of a stone house, belonging to Mr. Cooke, was blown off, and damage was done to other buildings. The Lewistown Sentinel says, 'It will have a tendency to hasten the opening of navigation by clearing the ice out of Lake Erie, which might otherwise (as it has heretofore) prevent the commencement till a late period, as also to try the strength of the Black Rock Harbor."

The Buffalo paper informs us that the principal damage sustained in that neighborhood by the gale was the injury done to the pier at Black Rock:—

"A breach has been made in the pier above the junction of the Buffalo canal with the harbor, at or near the angle of the works, estimated to exceed 30 rods in length and of a depth sufficient to admit the passage of the floating ice without obstruction. A breach of smaller dimensions has been made below the mouth of the canal. It may be difficult to ascertain the extent of the injury at this time, but there is no doubt it will prove to be of considerable magnitude. It may be proper to state that the Black Rock Gazette of Saturday is silent on the subject. The Lake navigation is not yet open, but will be undoubtedly, in a few days."

[*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

Communications.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Editor—

I was much gratified with the remarks of "an Observer" in your paper of May the 2d, on the subject of locating the Seat of Government—and concurring with the author of that communication in the opinion that "The act relating to a permanent Seat of Government,"—is entitled to but little respect, with the members of the Legislature from this County, and was intended by many respectable members of both branches, as an act merely to repeal an act or resolve, fixing Hallowell as the place where the next Legislature should be holden—and having long been surprised at the total indifference of the *people*, throughout the State, upon the subject, and still more so, when I have seen the delegation from the County of Kennebec, in the Legislature, busily at work every session, to carry their great object of permanently locating the Seat of Government, somewhere on the Kennebec river. I am happy to see it introduced into the Observer, as it is published in a County where the people cannot be influenced by any selfish or interested motives on that subject, and hope, that its tendency will be, to arouse the attention, and awaken the dormant energies of the *people*, in the different parts of the State. While viewing the subject impartially and without any possible motive of self interest, several questions naturally arise. Are the *people* throughout the State, at this time, ready to settle the question *finally*? If so, are they ready to make the necessary appropriations of from one to two hundred thousand dollars, to erect the necessary buildings, by increasing the present State debt, (already too large,) to that amount, or by the assessment of a State tax to the amount necessary? Are not the Legislature and public officers, better accommodated at Portland, than they possibly could be in any other town in the State—and free from any expense for buildings? Can the members of the Legislature expect to be better accommodated with board, or at a more reasonable rate in any other town? Were not the people assured, previous to the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, that the government should be economically administered? And is it not well known, from official documents, that our State tax of fifty thousand dollars annually, does not defray the ordinary expenses of the Government! Would not the Seat of Government be permanently located much more for *the best interest of the people*, after the north eastern boundary line of the State shall be finally settled? And finally would it not be for the honor and interest of Maine, to endeavor to build up and support some large commercial town, as a capital, rather than to have the enterprise, the wealth, and the circulating medium diverted from the State, and employed in Boston, New York and other large commercial cities, much against the interest of the citizens, and the honor of the State? These are questions that the good sense of an enlightened community can easily answer; and in order to bring the subject fairly before the next Legislature and to prevent that hurry and confusion with which it has sometimes been legislated upon, I would suggest that the Selectmen of each town, and the assessors of each organized plantation in the State, insert an article in their warrants for calling the annual meeting in September next, to wit: "Shall the Senators from this County, and the Representative from this town, (or district) be instructed to locate the Seat of Government *permanently*, and make the necessary appropriations, at this time"—Yea or Nay—and that the several town and plantation Clerks be requested to furnish each Senator elect in their respective Counties, and each Representative, in their respective towns and plantations, with the number of Yeas and Nays given on the question, in their respective towns and plantations.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,—There is one subject of great importance, which in many places is not sufficiently attended to. Every village ought to be provided with a suitable place for the interment of the dead. It is true it matters not to the dead, what is done with their mortal remains, but it is shocking to the feelings of every person of sensibility, to see graves scattered promiscuously about the fields, or in the the pastures, where the little mounds of earth, that some friend has raised over them, must soon be trodden down, or levelled with the plough. Who, that has the least inclination to sympathize with the bereaved, can behold unmoved, the mourner seeking in vain for the hallowed spot, where they had deposited the dear remains of a beloved partner, a parent, or a child, or who could refrain from cursing the unholy feet, that had trodden down, and levelled the consecrated spot: such things in a civilized country, (not to say in a Christian land) seem to be a grade below savage barbarity.—There are but few if any of the savage tribes, that do not treat the remains of their friends, with the greatest respect: they have funeral rites, and ceremonies, peculiar to themselves, to which they adhere with the most scrupulous exactness. I was never more impressed with the importance of these things, than on a recent occasion, in passing through a small village, in this State I observed an unusual collection of people; I immediately learnt that the occasion of it, was a funeral: the deceased was a stranger, of the most amiable qualifications, and of a very respectable family, in a distant part of the State. I waited some time in order to witness the affecting scene, which was protracted to an unusual late hour; on inquiring the cause of the delay, I was informed that there was no place of interment: I learnt on inquiring that the original proprietors, of the land, had given a piece of ground for that purpose; and that it had been used as such for about fifteen years; but recently they had been wantonly deprived of that privilege; in order to gratify the pride of some unfeeling person who had built or was about to build a house near the spot: and notwithstanding he had been on terms of the most intimate friendship with the deceased, he would not consent that his remains should occupy any place near him; and the body was finally buried in an obscure corner of a field. I wish every person felt as I felt on that occasion, and they would at once provide some suitable depository for the dead, and our ears would no longer be assailed with the curses and anathemas which were denounced against what they termed an intruder on the rights of the dead.

A Friend to Humanity.

THE OBSERVER.

NORWAY.....MAY 16, 1827.

Boston Statesman.—This paper we notice is a sort of text book for the opposition presses. While the old Republican authorities, viz. the National Intelligencer, Boston Patriot, Essex Register, &c. &c. are altogether neglected, the Boston Statesman is quoted in season and out of season, by the Heralds of the opposition. The reason is obvious. The Intelligencer, Patriot and Register support the Administration, and the Statesman opposes it. Now there is no disputing about taste, and we therefore do not object to this course of the opposition. We, however, do enter our solemn protest against the course of the Statesman, and its copyists, in arrogating to themselves exclusive Republicanism, and denouncing those, who support the Administration, as espousing the ancient federal iniquities, because many, (we hope there will be more) federalists at the present day, are friendly to Mr. Adams. To shew the inconsistency of the Statesman, we make the following extract from its columns. It will be recollected that in the fall of 1824, the opposition to Adams, in Massachusetts, got up an Electoral Ticket, (in opposition to an unmixed Republican Ticket,) consisting of *eight Federalists* and *seven Republicans*, called the "Unpledged Ticket;" and the Boston Statesman of Oct. 5th, 1824, speaks of this Ticket as in the following language:

"The list of candidates appears to have been formed, with great *fairness* and impartiality, there being nearly an equal number from each political division of citizens in this State, which according to the votes given for two or three years past, are nearly equal. And *it is truly matter of joy*, that we can unite on a great national question. For as *they have each an equal regard for the country*, so they have an equal *right*, to have a voice in the selection of rulers. We hope they will *sacrifice* local and *party feelings*, and unite their efforts for the welfare of the country. We want a real and sincere republican President, and we believe *the great mass of the federalists* are *well grounded*, in *Republican* and *Constitutional* principles. Why then should they be proscribed? *Why should not the nation have the benefit of the talents of such men as Daniel Webster?* "We are all federalists *and all republicans*;" and the sooner *the partition wall is removed* between honest, liberal and patriotic men *the better*."

Two short years have elapsed, and now this same Statesman claims to be the exclusive, sincere organ of pure Jeffersonian Republicanism. We have only to add that we blush for the consistency, although we cannot fear the influence of the Boston Statesman, or its humble and obsequious copyists.

The Presidential Question.—We do not consider it judicious or necessary to enter warmly into the discussion of the Presidential question, at the present time. Indeed, so commanding is the sentiment of New-England in favor of Mr. Adams, that we hope when the period of the election shall arrive the quiet, which parties have attained, will not be greatly disturbed. While we anxiously desire this, we have strong fears that the storm which is gathering in Virginia, and which already begins to blacken the political heavens in the South, will extend its influence here also, and pour a portion of its baleful contents upon favored and tranquil New-England. Even now the sagacious Angurs of the times begin to discern birds flitting in our political atmosphere, which for the present are considered of dubious portent, but which will eventually be found to indicate a tempest. Still we repeat the tranquillty of New-England will not be greatly disturbed. Republicanism here is too firmly fixed in her attachment to the Administration, to be driven from her purpose.

We learn with satisfaction, that, in consequence of a new arrangement made between the proprietors of the Androscoggin and White-Mountain Stage and Mr. James Longley, proprietor of the Norway and Paris Stage, the latter Stage will very soon, probably as early as next week, commence running to Portland three times each week. This will give us a mail from Portland every other day. We cannot but express the wish that, in this new effort to accommodate, Mr. Longley may receive that encouragement and patronage from a liberal public, to which his fidelity and spirit of enterprise, so justly entitle him.

S. J. Court.—The Supreme Judicial Court commenced its Spring Session, at the Court House in this County, yesterday. Present a full Bench of the Honorable Court.

Caswell's Pressing Machine.—We have in use one of Caswell's Presses, for a standing press, and find it to answer an excellent purpose, it possesses great power, and requires but very little exertion to put it in operation. It is not subject to got out of repair, and costs but little. We should think it a very useful invention, and for a standing press one of the best in use.

Something New.—An eastern vessel recently caught at sea, a mess of Codfish and potatoes. The fish was a very large one, and when caught had three large potatoes within him. We suppose they were already cooked, and that it was a very excellent repast.

Port Gibson, March 31.

A Mrs. *Cable*, who has, for some time, kept a tavern in Greenville, received into her house as a boarder, Mr. James Gray, who had lately taken up his abode in the place, and had opened a store, and was appointed Post Master. He was a young man of an amiable disposition, and of modest and retiring deportment—just such a character as is most likely to be decoyed from virtue by the designing. Mrs. C. frequently made advances, which he could not but understand, and finally yielded to. She had frequently urged him to marry her, which he refused to do: and this last conduct of his raised her jealousy to the highest pitch, and she declared to her servant that if he did not yield to her wishes, she would kill him the first opportunity. Accordingly on his return from New Orleans, whither he had been on business, she sent for him, and with this direful intent, prevailed on him to stay all night. Towards morning, and when he was asleep, she appears to have got up, laid her burial dress, previously prepared, on the table, took one pistol, and shot him in the back of the head, and then deliberately laying down in the bed by him, placed another to her forehead, and blew off the whole of the the upper part of her head—They were found in this condition, the next morning, by the neighbors, who had to creep through the window to get into the room.

"A good opinion."

General Jackson's Opinion of Mr Adams.—In letter No. six of the correspondence of Col. Monroe and Gen Jackson, relative to the former's selection of his cabinet (published in 1824.) Gen Jackson alludes to the appointment of Mr. Adams as Secretary of State, in the following language:—"I have no hesitation in saying, you have made the best selection to fill the Department of State that could have been made. Mr. Adams, in the hour of difficulty, will be a able help-mate, and I am convinced will give general satisfaction."

Gen Jackson.

There was a slight frost at Savannah (Geo.) on the night of the 17th ult.

The powder mill of M... of the adjoining County of ... exploded on the 17th u... contents. Two of the ... the mill, and one was so ... he survived but a few mi... other was seriously in... 2000 pounds of gun po... petre were destroyed, a... loss is very considerable.

The Memorial.—In co... a wish very generally e... Editor and Publishers of ... give notice to those who i... ng communications for ... already offered, that the ... of the contributions will ... the 15th of June.

The prizes are,

For the best original Poem, ...
For the second ditto, a prize ...
For the best original Prose ta...
For the second ditto, a prize ...

Communications must ... "To the Editor of the M... of Messrs True & Gr... Mass."

William Tilghman.—... phia papers by the last ... the departure of anothe... Hon. W. Tilghman, C... the Commonwealth of P... in Philadelphia on Su... within a few hours of th... King's death. He was i... of his age. His funeral ... Wednesday, attended by t... Judiciary, the Members ... of various civil, literary ... lent societies to which h...

The Postmaster at ... Virginia, has lately been ... agent of the Post Office ... a charge of stealing m... mail. On examination h... to enter into a recogniz... and answer the charge ... Court. An agent of t... has recently detected th... Master at Canandaigua, ... ilar offence.

The Washington (G... noticing the progress ... Burr and Cambreleng ... sed through that town ... stant; to use the words ... itself, "directing thei... steps towards Lexing-on ... 25 miles from this place ... formation also, that "t... have so far succeeded ... their *political* tour, as to ... er they pass, a warm an... tion from the citizens ... They were invited to ... which they declined on ... shortness of their sta... promises faithfully to ... vices of the movemen... tinguished visiters.—*Na...*

By the ship Dalhousie ... York, Liverpool Papers ... were received, and Lo... ning of the 14th.

Mr. Canning is appo... missioner of his Majesty ... in other words, Prime ...

The late British Cab... *fourteen* individuals, usu... "Kings's Ministers," o... it appears, resigned, on ... of Mr. Canning to this ... manding situation.

The following are th... bers of the Cabinet:

Eldon, Lord Chancel... Master General of th... Commander in Chief—... the Admiralty Board—... tary of State for the ... and Colonies—Westmo... ry Seal—Bexley, C... Duchy of Lancaster—... of State for the Home ...

Of whom it is said ... (late Mr. Nicholas Va... nified his wish to reca...

The Duke of Clare ... pointed at the head of ... miralty.

It is said that Mr. C... accept the place of P... less he should be left ... a cabinet according t... and that this condition ... to by the King.

It is certain that M... surances of the cordi... King, and that the ... been accepted withou...

The price of stock ... by Mr. Canning's app...

Certain of the Kin... resigned, viz. the L... Lord Chamberlain; M... vice do; Duke of R... the Horse. The ... this an extraordinary ... the King's choice.

By the British new ... is empowered to pr... from countries which ... British vessels, carry ... countries, greater du... posed on national ve...

It is said the contr... Duke of York, will ... ling in the pound.

A committee of th... has recommended a ... £60,000 to facilitate ... N. America, of 1200 ... distressed districts o... shire, Renfew and L...

The powder mill of Mr. John Reed, of the adjoining County of Montgomery, exploded on the 17th ult. with all its contents. Two of the hands were in the mill, and one was so mangled that he survived but a few minutes, and the other was seriously injured. About 3000 pounds of gun powder and salt petre were destroyed, and Mr. Reed's loss is very considerable.—[*Phil. paper.*

THE MEMORIAL.—In compliance with a wish very generally expressed, the Editor and Publishers of THE MEMORIAL give notice to those who intend forwarding communications for the premiums already offered, that the examinations of the contributions will be deferred to the 15th or JUNE.

The prizes are,

For the best original Poem, a prize of $60.
For the second ditto, a prize of $40.
For the best original Prose tale, a prize of $60.
For the second ditto, a prize of $40.

Communications must be addressed "To the Editor of the Memorial, care of Messrs True & Greene, Boston, Mass."

WILLIAM TILGHMAN.—The Philadelphia papers by the last mail announce the departure of another patriot, the Hon. W. TILGHMAN, Chief Justice of the Commonwealth of Penn. who died in Philadelphia on Sunday evening, within a few hours of the time of Mr. King's death. He was in the 71st year of his age. His funeral was to be on Wednesday, attended by the Clergy, the Judiciary, the Members of the Bar, and of various civil, literary, and benevolent societies to which he belonged.

The Postmaster at "Big Lick" in Virginia, has lately been arrested by the agent of the Post Office department, on a charge of stealing money from the mail. On examination he was required to enter into a recognizance to appear and answer the charge, at the next Court. An agent of the department has recently detected the Assistant Post Master at Canandaigua, N. Y. in a similar offence.

The Washington (Georgia) News, noticing the progress of Messrs. VAN BUREN and CAMBRELENG says, they passed through that town on the 14th instant; to use the words of the "*News*" itself, "directing their *electioneering* steps towards Lexington, situate about 25 miles from this place." It gives information also, that "those gentlemen have so far succeeded in the object of their *political* tour, as to meet, wherever they pass, a warm and cordial reception from the citizens of the State." They were invited to a public dinner, which they declined on account of the shortness of their stay. The *News* promises faithfully to give regular advices of the movements of these distinguished visiters.—*Nat. Int.*

By the ship Dalhousie Castle, at New-York, Liverpool Papers to the 16th ult. were received, and London to the evening of the 14th.

Mr. Canning is appointed First Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury, or, in other words, Prime Minister.

The late British Cabinet consisted of *fourteen* individuals, usually denominated "Kings's Ministers," one half of whom, it appears, resigned, on the appointment of Mr. Canning to this exalted and commanding situation.

The following are the seceding members of the Cabinet:

Eldon, Lord Chancellor—Wellington, Master General of the Ordnance, and Commander in Chief—Lord Melville, of the Admiralty Board—Bathurst, Secretary of State for the War Department and Colonies—Westmoreland, Lord Privy Seal—Bexley, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster—Peel, Secretary of State for the Home Department.

Of whom it is said that Lord Bexley, (late Mr. Nicholas Vansittart,) had signified his wish to recall his resignation.

The Duke of Clarence had been appointed at the head of the Board of Admiralty.

It is said that Mr. Canning refused to accept the place of Prime Minister unless he should be left at liberty to form a cabinet according to his own views, and that this condition had been agreed to by the King.

It is certain that Mr. Canning has assurances of the cordial support of the King, and that the resignations have been accepted without hesitation.

The price of stocks was not affected by Mr. Canning's appointment.

Certain of the King's household had resigned, viz. the Duke of Montrose, Lord Chamberlain; Marquis of Graham, vice do; Duke of Bedford, Master of the Horse. The Courier considers this an extraordinary attempt to fetter the King's choice.

By the British new Grain Bill Gov't. is empowered to prohibit importations from countries which should impose on British vessels, carrying goods to those countries, greater duties than those imposed on national vessels.

It is said the contract creditors of the Duke of York, will not realize a shilling in the pound.

A committee of the H. of Commons, has recommended an appropriation of £60,000 to facilitate the emigration, to N. America, of 1200 families, from the distressed districts of Lancashire, Yorkshire, Renfew and Lanark.

In the pecuniary entanglements of Sir Walter Scott, it seems he not only surrendered his property in existing works but in works, of which he expected to be delivered! This is pledging the fruits of his future labors, and is not therefore taking the benefit of the bankrupt act.

The clear profits of the Life of Napoleon to the author, are estimated at 11,260*l.* 18s. 4d. Equal to $50,049.

On the 5th ult. one hundred and four square rigged vessels left Liverpool, and went down the channel in company.

OBITUARY.

We know there are many who utterly disapprove of a newspaper obituary; who think it is better, when a fellow being has departed "to that country, from whose bourn no traveller returns," for the mourners and friends to weep in silence, and not obtrude their unavailing grief upon the public. They tell us that the dead cannot hear us, and that the living will not sympathize in our sorrows. But however we may acknowledge the propriety of these sentiments in theory, there are times when we find it difficult to yield to them in practice.

"What though we know that tears are vain?
That death nor heeds nor hears distress?
Will this unteach us to complain,
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet."

When friends of superior worth have been taken from us, it affords some consolation to bear public testimony to their virtues; a consolation not unlike that, which flows "from the memory of joys that are past, mournful yet pleasant to the soul." Nor is this the only benefit resulting from the practice; as we are all creatures of imitation, by holding a worthy example up to view we add something to the virtues, and of course something to the happiness of our species.

Mrs. Lydia Jane Cushman, whose decease was announced in the public papers two or three weeks since, was a person whose uncommon excellence of character had acquired a numerous circle of friends, and whose early death has excited feelings of more than common regret. She was the daughter of the late Capt. Henry Rust of Norway, formerly of Salem in Massachusetts. For about a dozen years past she has resided in Portland, where she has sustained the tender relations of a wife and a mother, and has left an affectionate husband and four interesting children to mourn an irreparable loss. She was blest with both personal and mental accomplishments in a superior degree; and though her lot was cast in the middle walks of life, yet she possessd those affections and feelings which would have rendered her amiable and happy in the cottages of peasants, as well as those endowments which would have raised her to distinction in the courts of princes.—Among the many virtues, with which she was clothed as with a garment, benevolence shone conspicuous. In her tongue was the law of kindness, and her hand was stretched forth to the needy. Whilst she resided in Norway she was one of the principal founders of a female charitable society, whose kind influences were widely felt, and will long be remembered. To the native virtues of her heart was added in her last years the crown of piety, and her religious relations were sustained with exemplary humility, as her social ones had been with unaffected kindness. She met death with that perfect composure, which can be the effect only of great firmness of mind, aided by the consolations of religion. She saw his steady approach for some months, but never shuddered at the prospect; and when the cold messenger was about to take her by the hand, she welcomed him with a smile as a guide that was to conduct her to a better state of existence. One or two instances of her rational firmness and calm resignation in the near prospect of death, may perhaps with propriety be mentioned. In the early stage of her decline two of her little children had been taken to her friends in the country: she had parted from them with the conviction that it was for the last time, though her friends still clung to the anchor of hope. When her dissolution drew near, and the last ray of hope had departed, she was asked if she would have these two dear children brought to her again. She paused a moment—and then calmly replied, no; the wounds of separation had been partially healed, and it could do no good to tear them open again by a painful repetition; she would wait to meet them beyond the grave. After she had become very weak and low, one of her little prattlers who remained at home, and who had probably heard some one speak of the prospect of its mother's death, was one day in her chamber with some of the family and friends, when with artless simplicity the child remarked, "when mother's dead we shant have any mother." Mrs. Cushman immediately without any other apparent emotion than a gentle smile, repeated the following lines from one of the beautiful effusions of Wadsworth—

"A simple child, dear brother Jim,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

Were we to follow the dictates of feeling we might extend this notice to a much greater length: but we forbear. One who knew her well and esteemed her much, and who deeply sympathizes in the sorrows of her bereaved consort, could not do less than pay this feeble tribute to her memory, and he is sure that many surviving friends will say with him in the tender language of Ossian "Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely beam! soon hast thou set on our hill. The steps of thy departure were stately, like the moon on the blue trembling wave."

Portland Advertiser.

DEATH OF RUFUS KING.

DIED, at his residence, No. 518, Broadway, N. York, on Sunday evening, April 29, in the 73d year of his age, the Hon. RUFUS KING.

Mr. KING entered into public life at an early age. After completing his legal studies, he was chosen, at the close of the Revolution, in 1784, to represent the State of Massachusetts in the Old Continental Congress. In this body he acquired great influence, and was the mover of a proposition, which will always render his name distinguished and respected in the annals of his country. We refer to the prohibition of slavery in the old Northwest Territory. After serving in that body to the entire satisfaction of his constituents, he was deputed by the same State to the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States. This instrument having been prepared and submitted to the States for their ratification, Mr. King was sent, by the town of Newburyport, with Mr. Parsons and Robert Treat Paine, to the State Convention, which gave the sanction of Massachusetts to the new Constitution. In procuring this sanction, Mr. King was mainly instrumental. Objections were made to it in Massachusetts, as well as in New York and Virginia; and, whilst the talents of Hamilton and Madison were engaged in surmounting the obstacles opposed to it by the anti-federalists of the two latter States, Mr. King was performing an act of equally vital importance to his country, by soothing the fears and prejudices which operated against it, in a State that was still agitated by the feelings which produced the Shay rebellion. When the requisite number of States had signified their assent, and the Constitution went into operation under the auspices of Washington, Mr. King was chosen by the Legislature of New-York their Representative in the Senate of the United States. Here he acquired the particular confidence of Washington; by whom he was selected as the Minister of this country to the Court of St. James. Although a Federalist, such was the confidence reposed in his talents and character by Mr. Jefferson, that, upon his succeeding Mr. Adams, he expressed his special desire to Mr. King, that he should continue to represent the United States at the British Court. In compliance with this request, he continued until, having completed all the negotiations entrusted to his care, in 1805 he requested permission to return to his native land, from which he had been absent about eight years. His patriotic support of the Government during the late war with Great Britain, and his determination to sacrifice party feelings, and to unite with his friends in the common defence, acquired for him the esteem of his political opponents in his own State. This was evinced by his election by Democratic Legislatures to represent this State in the United States' Senate, for two successive terms. In 1822, he was ceosen a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of this State, and in 1825, he was appointed by Mr. Adams again to represent the United States at that Court, where he had before acquired such distinguished reputation. Expectations were entertained that the high respect in which he was personally held by the leading members of the English Cabinet, would have essentially contributed to a satisfactory arrangement of the unadjusted difficulties between the two Governments, and the marked attention paid to him on his arrival, by Mr. Canning and the other Ministers, proved that those expectations were not unjustly formed. An overruling Providence, however, did not permit them to be realized. During his voyage, Mr. King was attacked with a disease, often the consequence of a voyage, and which so impaired his health, as to prevent him from an active discharge of the duties of his office. After remaining abroad a year, in the hope of re-establishing his health, without any improvement, he determined to return to die in his native land, in the bosom of his family and his friends. Here, cheered by the attention of an affectionate family, and in a composed and resigned state, he calmly awaited his approaching end.

It is when men like him are taken from among us, that we have cause for grief. We remember the days of his former usefulness, and bend in reverence before the chastening stroke. We rejoice that he should so long have been spared—and that the blow descended not in the hour of his prime and his usefulness. In manner, Mr. King was mild, and dignified—in temper, firm and decided. As a speaker, he was a model for Parliamentary debate. His compatriots in the Senate, will long remember the respect which he manifested for their opinions, while he firmly maintained his own. As a statesman, prudent, penetrating and comprehensive in his views; his country will long have cause for gratitude, that his talents were devoted to the promotion of the public good. He was his country's true friend; and, while he did nor hesitate to condemn the policy which placed us in collision with Great Britain, he did not permit his feelings to operate, when his fortune and influence were required to promote the successful termination of the war. His private character was without blemish. As a husband, affectionate and sincere—as a father, an object of veneration to his children, he has descended with lamentations to the tomb. As a patriot, his country mourns his loss.—*N. York Com. Adv.*

Married,

In Mount Vernon, by Dexter Baldwin, Esq. Mr. Aaron Barton, Jr. of Livermore, to Miss Pamelia P. Foster, of the former place.

In Buckfield, Mr. Aluce Gilbert to Miss ——Jenkins.

In Turner, by Thomas Merrill, Esq. Mr. Ammi Loring, of Hebron, to Miss Abigail Teague, of the former place.

In Mount Desert, Mr. Lebbeus Bonney of Turner, to Miss Eliza Babson, of the former place.

In Hebron, Capt. Jacob Dwinel, of Minot, to Miss Sarah Cushman, of the former place.—By James Donham, Esq. Mr. William Lowell, Jr. of Minot, to Miss Almira Donham, of the former place.—Mr.——Tarbox to Miss ——Rowe.—By Gideon Cushman, Esq. Maj. Joseph Barrows to Miss Sarah Buckman.

In Minot, Mr.——Clefford to Miss——Androws.

Died,

In Hebron, at the house of Doct. Tewksbury where he had gone on a visit, Maj. Joel Robinson, of Paris, aged 60 years.

In Minot, Mr. David Monroe, a worthy citizen, and "an honest man the noblest work of God."—Mr. Alexander Campbell, aged about 60, a Revolutionary Pensioner.

In Hebron, Mr. Levi Bearce, Senior, aged 76, a Revolutionary Pensioner.—Levi Bearce, Jr. aged about 40.—Mr. Verris Greenwood, aged about 28 years.—Capt. John Thompson, aged 75.

In New York, 25th ult. Henry Cruger, Esq. in the 88th year of his age. He was once Mayor of Bristol, Eng. and a member of Parliament cotemporaneously with Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and the whigs of that day.

JUST published at the *Oxford Bookstore* Blanks for Surveyors of Highways, made conformable to the Laws now in force, containing the power and duty of Highway Surveyors, with the necessary forms &c.

Also—Collectors Bonds, Town Orders, Certificate of Publishments, &c,

April 16.

GOOD SPRING RYE.

A FEW bushels for sale cheap at the *Oxford Bookstore.* April 21.

WRAPPING PAPER, for sale at *Oxford Bookstore.* May 1.

ÆTNA INSURANCE COMPANY.

INCORPORATED for the purpose of insuring against LOSS and DAMAGE by FIRE only, with a

Capital of 200,000 Dollars.

and a surplus Fund of more than *THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS;* the whole secured and vested in the best possible manner,—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other Offices.

The business of the Company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to great losses by sweeping fires. The small compensation they require, and the liberality and promptness in adjusting all losses that may accrue under their Policies, together with eight years close application and experience, induces them to flatter themselves that they shall receive a share of public patronage.

☞The subscriber is an authorized Agent for this Company, and will issue Policies immediately, to those who may apply for them. ASA BARTON.

Norway, May 14, 1827.

N. B.—As this Company does *not* insure upon *marine* risks, it is considered to be perfectly safe, and deserving of public confidence.

MUSKETS & RIFLES!

PAYSON & NURSE,

No. 3, UNION-STREET, *BOSTON;*

HAVE on hand and offer for sale at very low prices,

10 Cases *MUSKETS*, for Infantry companies
5 do. *RIFLES*, do. Rifle do.
7 do. *FOWLING PIECES* and Ducking *GUNS*,

consisting of Percussion, Magazine and Flint *LOCKS*, of a variety of Paterns.

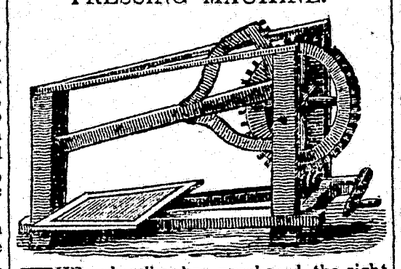
Best English Percussion *CAPS*—Patent Shot *BELTS*—Powder *HORNS*—Dupont & Eagle Gun *POWDER—SHOT—FLINTS*, &c. &c.

ALSO—a Prime Assortment of

HARD WARE AND CUTLERY.

April 6, 1827. ep4mpnao 146

Caswell's Patent
PRESSING MACHINE.



THE subscriber has purchased the right of Making, Using and Vending to others, to be used, the above improvement, for the towns of Norway and Greenwood.—As many patents have proved rather unprofitable to the purchaser, the subscriber deems it altogether superfluous to state more respecting this, than that it is a valuable improvement when applied to pressing Cider, also for Clothiers, Bookbinders and Printers, and in short, almost every kind of business where a Press is needed, they are easily kept in repair, and cheaply made.

☞Persons who wish for further information respecting them, may call on the subscriber. ISAAC LOVEJOY.

Norway, May 14, 1827.

To all whom it may concern.

THE Subscriber obtained Letters Patent from the President of the United States of America, in the year of our Lord, 1824, for a MACHINE for Sawing Shingles, the right of making, vending and using of which, he had no doubt, was secured to him by the laws of his country; and was not in violation of the rights and privileges secured to any other patentee; but it seems that the proper authority to judge and settle questions of this nature has otherwise determined, as may be seen by reference to a decision of the Circuit Court of the United States, holden at Boston, in October 1825; *Willard Earl* vs. *Elisha Sawyer*; by which the said Earl holds the exclusive right of the application of the *Circular Saw* for the manufacture of *Shingles*, which right was secured to him by patent from the proper authority for granting the same, in the year of our Lord 1822, on an improved Shingle Mill of his own invention, for the term of fourteen years. In consequence, therefore, of that decision, and an injunction laid on the subscriber by said Court in December last, not to make, end or use, any more, said Shingle Machines, he is driven to the necessity to request all persons who have purchased Machines of him, for their own, and his security against future damages, not to use any more, the said Machines without permission or proper licence from the said Willard Earl.

Printers in all the States are requested to insert the above for public information.

JAMES SAWYER.

Templeton, January 16, 1826.

SHINGLE MACHINES.

THE Subscribers having purchased of Mr. WILLARD EARL, the patent right of Making; Useing and Vending to others, to be used, his Improved Circular Saw Shingle Machines, for the whole State of Maine, hereby give notice to all those who are using Circular Saw Shingle Machines not made by Mr. EARL, that unless they obtain the liberty of using them from the Subscribers, they will be considered as infringing the rights of Mr. EARL's Patent, and dealt with accordingly. All persons who wish to purchase Machines or rights to use them, can have either by applying to E. BLAKE, of Hartford.

EPHRAIM STONE.
SAMUEL LEE.
EDWARD BLAKE.

Hartford, April 17, 1827.

The Editor of the Argus is requested to insert the above notice three weeks and forward his bill to the Subscriber for payment.

E. BLAKE, *South Hartford.*

KENNEBEC BILLS.

THE subscriber will take a few Dollar in Bills of this Bank at a Discount for GOODS, BOOKS or STATIONARY, if offered soon. ASA BARTON.

Norway, April 28.

NEW SPRING GOODS.

G. C. LYFORD,

At No. 6, BOYD'S BUILDINGS, *MIDDLE-STREET,*

HAS now received his Spring supply of GOODS, consisting of 36 Packages of latest importations, making, with his stock before on hand, the best assortment of Goods he has ever had—all of which will be sold at the *lowest market prices.*

Among his new GOODS are many rich articles, such as—

2 Cases Leghorn Bonnets and Gypseys; Real Marino Shawls; Raw Silk and Cashmere Mantles; Crape Shawls and Dresses; Elegant Fig'd Silks White Bobbinett & Black Lace Veils; Elegant Fig'd Check'd & Strip'd Muslins for Dresses; 3 Cases Parasols; very Rich Gauze and Fancy Silk Hdk'fs & Scarfs. The best assortment of Black Twill'd Silks ever offered in this town; 5-4 London Black Bombazines,—together with almost every other article usually found in a Dry Good Store.

☞He respectfully invites his friends and customers in the County of Oxford, to call upon him—and *assures* them they shall be used as *well*, (if not *better*,) at his store as at *any other* in the "good town of Portland."

Portland, April 30, 1827. 6w-148

HARD WARE.

ISAAC K. WISE,

No. 19, MERCHANTS' ROW, *BOSTON.*

HAS received by the Amethyst & Topaz, from Liverpool, his Spring GOODS, —Among which are—

Naylor's and Sanderson's Cast Steel,
Hill's ANVILS; Colter Key'd VICES;
English Wrought NAILS;
English Cart and Wagon BOXES;
Dale Co. sad IRONS;
Trace and Halter CHAINS;
Cast Steel Circular SAWS, all sizes, 3 to 36 inches;
Hand & Fine Saws; Knives & Forks;
Pen & Pocket Knives; Scissors; Razors;
Hemming Needles; Mortice & Knob Locks;
Cast Steel Plane Irons and Chissels;
Iron and Brass Latches;
Shovels & Tongs; Wood & Bed SCREWS;

—ALSO—

A large assortment of Brass Cabinet Trimmings, consisting of Commode Knobs and 2 Rings; Round, Square and Plain Casters; Bed Caps, Ornaments, Lifting Handles, &c. Superior Steel mounted English Fowling Pieces, Stub Twist Barrels; Patent Chamber and best Percussion Locks.

—LIKEWISE—

200 doz. Stetson's Hoes;
100 do. Wright's Steel Plate do;
50 do. Ame's Shovels;
100 Brass mounted Guns, suitable for Infantry Companies, well finished; with roller Locks;
300 pounds Russia and American Glue;
200 Boxes Windsor Soap.

All of which will be sold on the most favorable terms for Cash or Credit.

Boston, April 20, 1827. ep9w-148

NEW STORE.
New Goods.

JOSEPH HARROD

IS NOW OPENING for sale, an extensive assortment of

English, French, India, & American PIECE GOODS.

—LIKEWISE—

A great variety of Common, Fine, Super and Extra Superfine

Kidderminster Carpetings,

with Medallion and Drop Figures.

VENETIAN FLOOR & STAIR

CARPETS,
HEARTH RUGS.
Carpet Bindings, &c.

—ALSO—

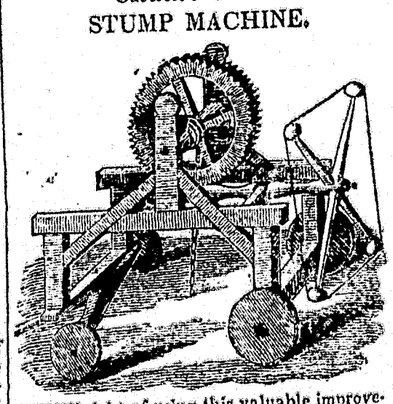
Dutch Bolting Cloths,

from No. 4, to 12,

At the *NEW STORE*, corner of *Exchange* and *Middle-streets.*

Portland, Nov. 20, 1826. tf 125

Caswell's Patent
STUMP MACHINE.



THE right of using this valuable improvement for pulling out Stumps, from Roads, Fields, &c., invented by Mr. LEBBEUS CASWELL of *Harrison*, has been purchased by the subscriber for the towns of Norway and Greenwood. The power which one of the Machines possesses is very great, so much so, that almost any Stump may be removed from the earth by it. The subscriber will furnish this valuable and useful machine on very reasonable terms, and will warrant them to give satisfaction.

ISAAC LOVEJOY.

Norway, May 14, 1827.

MORE BOOKS,
at great Discount.

JUST received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore*, Life and Writings of the late Rev. *JOHN MURRAY*, Pastor of the first Universalist Church in Boston.—Young's Night Thoughts.—Eccentric Biography.—Hero of No Nation, &c. &c. May 16

THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

SPRING.

The cold and piercing winds of Winter,
Can no longer sweep the plains;
The mild and beauteous Spring 's awaked,
And with smiling triumph reigns.

The naked earth 's no longer weeping,
For her rich and lovely hue;
The efficacious warmth of Phebus,
Caus'd the blade to spring anew.

The forest trees of leaves divested,
In mourning attitudes were seen;
Now by Spring's enlivening power,
All are drest in waving green.

Flowers of dif'rent forms and colors,
Now are op'ning gay and fair;
By refreshing breezes nourished,
With sweet odors scent the air.

The feathered songsters ev'ry morning,
Charming notes do constant bring;
Cheerful on the branches singing,
Gladly hail returning spring.

All things animating—pleasing,
Now in beauty's form appear,
Must excite sensations, grateful
Fairest season of the year.

CONSTANTIA.

Paris.

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding. PROV. IV, 7.

Of all that live, and move, and breathe,
Man only rises o'er his birth;
He looks above, around, beneath,
At once the heir of Heaven and earth:
Force, cunning, speed, which nature gave,
The various tribes throughout her plan,
Life to enjoy, from death to save,
—These are the lowest powers of man.

From strength to strength he travels on,
He leaves the lingering brute behind;
And when a few short years are gone,
He soars—a disembodied mind:
Beyond the grave, with hope sublime,
Destined a nobler course to run,
In his career the end of time
Is but eternity begun!

What guides him in his high pursuit,
Opens, illumes, cheers his way,
Discerns the immortal from the brute,
God's image from the mould of clay!
'Tis knowledge—Knowledge to the soul
Is power, and liberty, and peace;
And while celestial ages roll,
The joys of knowledge shall increase.

Hail to the glorious plan! that spread
This light with universal beams,
And through the human desert led
Truth's living, pure, perpetual streams.
—Behold a new creation rise,
New spirit breathed into the clod;
Where'er the voice of wisdom cries,
"Man, know thyself, and fear thy God!"

ROBIN AND ANNA.

The following beautiful Lines are by Knowles.

She listens—"'Tis the wind" she cries;
The moon that rose so full and bright,
Is now o'ercast; she looks, she sighs,
She fears 'twill be a stormy night.

Not long was Anna wed. Her mate,
A fisherman, was out at sea;
The night is dark, the hour is late,
The wind is high—and where is he!

"Oh! who would love, Oh! who would wed,
A wandering fisherman, to be
A wretched, lonely wife, and dread
Each breath that blows, when he's at sea!"

Not long was Anna wed. One pledge
Of tender love her bosom bore;
The storm comes down? the billows rage!
Its father is not yet on shore!

"Oh! who would think her portion blest,
A wandering seaman's wife to be,
To hug the infant to her breast,
Whose father's on a stormy sea!"

The thunder bursts! the lightning falls!
The casement rattles with the rain;
And as the gusty tempest bawls,
The little cottage quakes again!

She doesn't speak; she doesn't sigh;
She gazes on her infant dear—
A smile lights up the cherub's eye,
Which dims its mother's with a tear!

"Oh! who would be a seaman's wife!
Oh! who would bear a seaman's child;
To tremble for her husband's life!
To weep because her infant smiled!"

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy—
Ne'er had thy husband left the shore—
Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy,
To see—thy Robin at the door!—

To press his weather beaten cheek,
To kiss it dry and warm again,
To weep the joy thou could'st not speak—
So pleasure's in the debt of pain!

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,
Thy little couch of love, I ween,
Were ten times sweeter than the last—
And not a cloud that night was seen!

O happy pair! the pains you know
Still hand in hand with pleasure come,
For often does the tempest blow,
And Robin still is safe at home!

A SAFE BET.—Two *bloods*, recently entered a tavern in this city, where they had frequently resorted, and, calling for a supper and two bottles of champaigne, informed their host that they had laid a wager of such a repast as they had ordered, but as it was not yet decided, they hoped he would wait for his pay until the decision, and then charge the amount to the loser. The landlord assented, and they sat down to a hearty supper. When they had finished, *mine host* had the curiosity to ask what was the nature of the bet, and he was not a little chagrined when he received for answer, that it originated in a dispute as to the direction the Brick Meeting-House would take should it ever fall, the one bet it would fall *east*, and the other *west*. *N. Y. Chron.*

FAT AND LEAN.—An Irishman kept a pig. The neighbors were every other day most delightfully amused with the constant uproarious noise of the swinish charge. On being asked to account for the alternate complaints and silence of the pig, he said, "one day I give the crature as much as he can eat, and the next, he lists to be sure—for indeed, I'm very fond of pork that has a strake o' fat and a strake o' lean."

THE OLIO.

THE PLAGUE AT FLORENCE.

BY THE LATE CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

* * * The weather during the whole of the spring and summer preceding the visitation, had been unusually close and sultry. Foul and offensive exhalations had proceeded, in a remarkable degree, from all pools, and fens, and marshes, in the neighborhood of the city. The bed of the Arno, though afterwards replenished by sudden and heavy rains, had at one period sunk lower than the oldest citizen ever remembered to have seen. Insects, moreover, in all fields and gardens, had appeared in numbers quite unprecedented; so as even in many places, combined with the effect of the drought, entirely to destroy vegetation. And—a circumstance which still more attracts notice—the rats, both in the houses of Florence, and in the farms in the neighboring villages, multiplied with such rapidity, and such an excess, that, all temporal remedies being found unavailing, it was thought necessary to have recourse to the aid of the church, and formally to *excommunicate them*. The success of this extraordinary measure, or how far it operated at all, does not appear; but the fact of its being applied, is distinctly stated in all the chronicles of the time. Notice was formerly read, in open church, against the rats, that, unless they withdrew from all houses, wheat stacks, barns or granaries, in Florence and the vicinity, within four days from the date of those presents, process of "deprivation" would be issued against them. And a curious feature in the superstition of the time, was that the officer of the spiritual court, appointed to maintain the interests of all "non-appearing defendants," interfered *for the rats*, and actually obtained leave to "enlarge the rule" for their departure, from four days to six, on the ground that the *cats* of the city, knowing of the order, would be upon the watch to intercept them.

During a considerable time, however, from whatever cause the distemper in Florence arose, it seems that the authorities of the state had presence of mind enough strenuously to maintain, that it was *not* the "plague." The increasing deaths which occurred in the meaner and closer quarters of the city, were declared to proceed from the *Typhus Carcerum*, or putrid gaol fever. Cleanliness was recommended, and a cheap antiseptic process about all houses, and charitable distribution of wine and food by the richer citizens among the needy. Separation of the infected people, from the sound, by removing them to distant hospitals, was, in a few instances, accomplished by force; and those who contradicted the official statement, or expressed their own alarm too obtrusely, were thrown into prison, here and there, as public agitators. But the truth, even by these expedients, was not long capable of being concealed. Some of the offenders, who were sent to gaol for clamoring about the plague, died of it in confinement, without waiting for the formality of a trial. The physicians, who had attended the sick in the city, began themselves to be attacked with illness; and hurried through their visits at the fever hospitals, in spite of their published certificate, that nothing serious was the matter. At length, Brother Gasparo Marcelli, a monk of the Dominician Convent of Santa Groce, who had been slightly indisposed on the night of the Feast of St. Michael, was found dead on his bed the next morning, and with appearances which admitted of no equivocation. The alarm quickly ran through the monastery; the prior and several monks were seized with sickness. The deceased had been one of the most popular confessors in Florence; and three of his penitents, who had never dreamed that fever might enter palaces, were dead,—almost between the next sunrise and sunset, in different directions of the city. Upon which, personal apprehensions among the higher class superseding every consideration of public policy, those who had most actively chastised the terrors of other persons, could now make no secret of their own. The rich began openly to provide for their safety. The seditious, always active in moments of danger, thundered against the government for its deception.—The executive power gave up its doubts, whether real or pretended; and it was openly confessed that THE PLAGUE WAS IN FLORENCE.

The panic which spread through the city on this admission, became, as might have been expected, an evil scarcely second to the original calamity. Almost all parties had been vehement in desiring to have the declaration. It could do nothing but mischief to any. When it came, by a strange seeming anomaly in the ordering of men's minds, numbers began directly to question or discredit it. While among the lower classes (who had been the most anxious to get it) doubt or belief made little difference, for few had any power to act upon it at all.

Day and night, as soon as the proclamation came out, the streets and squares of Florence were filled—the gate of all the palaces surrounded—with carriages and wagons, loading up household furniture, pictures and treasure, and carrying it away into the country. Long trains of mules and horses, and companies even of persons on foot, were seen moving, first at night, to avoid too open publicity, but very soon in broad day, and without disguise, out of all the gates of the city. But still, these fugitives where chiefly from among the landed proprietors, and the small capitalists who had ready money at command; and the bulk of the population yet had ties, which in spite of danger, confined them to the place. For the merchant was bankrupt if he gave up his trade. And the farmer paused where he had to leave ungathered crops behind him. The physician staid, for he hoped in some antodote; and, if he could live, the sickness was his harvest. The monks staid; most because their convent was their only home; some because they hoped its privacy would shut out danger.—Public officers staid, to save the posts they had; or the hope that their resolution would be the means of promoting them to better. The vast tribe that lived only by their daily labor, had no choice but to stay—for to want the day's meal was to starve, and they had no way to gain it but by staying where they were, and going on to exercise their calling. So that, upon the whole, as soon as it became lawful to declare the extent of the mischief, vast hordes became very unwilling to confess it; and it was the progress of death itself, in the end, rather than the desertions, numerous as they were, occasioned by the fear of it, which brought the great crowd of the city of Florence, first to little, and then to nothing.

For the evil in the future is no evil, and this it is that laughs theorists and legislators to scorn! the reckoning which shall come hereafter ever is forgotten, against but a little measure of advantage offered in the present. The vengeance of Heaven, is it sure? we trust that it is far off. The axe, and the gibbet? "Chance" may save us from them; and, though that deliverance hangs on the one ace cast with two dies, every sinner believes that it will be his own! The thief plans robbery—executes it—escapes with the booty—and the "chance" that has saved him brings an hundred to the gallows! The projector trades against probability—wins in the teeth of principle—his very blindness—which could not see the risk—passes for sagacity, and crowds are beggared who follow his example! This "chance" it is—this "hope"—which makes fools—and fools are villains—of us all! Its seeds are rooted in the strongest minds; and in the weak they flourish even to insanity. The liar elects to speak, on "hope." The gamester arranges to live (in a castle) upon it. But woman's brain—there is its chosen seat of quicksand empire! where to desire an impossibility, and to account upon it, are but as one. Hope it is that makes her frail. Hope makes her false. Hope makes her the dupe of those who care not for her, and the curse of those who do. She fires a palace, and "hopes" that it will not burn. Casts herself into the sea, and "hopes" that the waters will quit their bed to leave her upon land. Her confidence—and this perhaps is the case with all of us—becomes invariably more unbounded in proportion with the real desperateness of her condition. And the worst of all is—that, as human nature is constituted, for nothing of all this is there any remedy!

And "hope" worked strange wonders in the earlier stages of the plague, especially among those who had all to gain, and little to lose; a sort of persons whose fearlessness and spirit of reliance, since the world began, has always been proverbial. There is a point to which you civilize mankind! but beyond which education cannot go. You seem to tame the wolf, while he sees you hold the whip over him; but—blood will have its way—he flies at your throat at last, if you give him opportunity. Man's instinct makes him war on man! The miller, when his granaries are full, laughs loud, and when he laughs—he buys a lordship—out of the ruined harvest. When agues thrive, do not sextons delve merrily? Does not the surgeon fatten on the miseries, the headsman on the vices of mankind? In no general blessing, yet did all men ever find contentment; in no common affliction have there not always been some who saw a good. Battles and blood make soldiers generals. Revolt and revolutions peasants princes. Out of broken windows, as the adage tells us, do there not arise rich glaziers? And he who *wants* a fortune, may find one even in the PLAGUE.

And accordingly, among the curious results of the visitation, when it first began to show its strength in Florence, was the extra quantity of actual rejoicing, as well as of mourning; the great increase of hilarity in the midst of tears; and the decided immediate gain to individuals; which arose out of the thinning in the numbers of the community. Husbands, many, wept for the death of their wives; wives, often, for the death of their husbands; both, constantly for the death of their children; for these were, generally, losses, at least in some sort, of present sources of happiness; disturbances of long habits and existing arrangements; and no benefit (to balance) accruing to the survivor. But sons did not always mourn for their fathers—nephews for their uncles—younger brothers, destined to exertion and poverty, for their elders, who had shut them from title and estate: those who were the best disposed to do all this, often could not do it; their wants, in spite of themselves, were relieved, and their desire of pleasure administered to—they tho't that they grieved for the fate of the dead, perhaps they did grieve but, before the bell had ceased tolling, they would not have him live again. For even the comparatively poor, who died, had *something* to leave behind them, which was an object to those as poor, or poorer than themselves. Very soon the constant occurrence of such falls of fortune began to make men expect, and look for them. They could not help recollecting the fact that there was *one* particular life which stood between them and happiness. The possibility of a change would just present itself—the wish, perpaps not yet And, among the laboring classes too, the diminished number of hands at work in every calling, soon gave the remainder high rates of wages, which they spent in idleness and excess. The mere passage of wealth into fresh hands, always unthrifty, created an immense demand, out of the very general mourning and distress, for articles of cost and luxury. All who had been rich, had not drank choice wines, or maintained brilliant equipages. All who rose from poverty did so often to the most prodigal dissipation of their means—on the instant. Until even the very same calamity which, in a few months, made the city absolutely a desert, in its outset actually gave a new and increased impulse to its pleasurable and commercial movements!

In the mean time, however, the shroud maker applied his needle almost as rapidly as the maker of new robes; and, as the fury of the pestilence increased, all this jolity, which, at first, had some show of the mirth of madness about it, ran on till, like the merriment produced by wine in company, by degrees, it broke into bloodshed and misrule. In the beginning of the scourge, the succession to an estate or title, had not carried with it—as of course—a notice that the inheritor was only tenant for an hour. But when the deaths had risen to more than a hundred a day in the city; and, when the man who became heir to an estate in one 24 hours, left it to somebody else—or perhaps left it without a claimant—in the next, this general state of insecurity, added to the extraordinary description of hands into which property passed, seemed first to repeal all sanity and principle; and soon led to the wildest and most unheard of outrages.

The successor to a splendid mansion—the fifth or sixth remove perhaps within a month—seized possession—it might be with a title—but certainly without waiting for the forms of law to ratify it.

Great quantities of personal property, in houses and moveables especially, were sometimes left in a few hours without *any* certain claimants at all; and ruffians and outcasts, (the police of the city being virtually almost extinct,) fought and scrambled for the right of rifling such possessions in open day. Antonio Malespini, the servant of a goldsmith who had fled the city and died under the walls of Pisa, produced a will alleged to have been left by his master, bequeathing to him the whole of his effects. On the very next day, this title passing undisputed, there were twenty claimants for similar successions! From inheriting after those who had fled and died, it was but one step further to presume the death, and a man's flight then at once conveyed his effects to those who staid behind. And, within the expiration of eight and forty hours further, no interference by the authorities taking place, both lie and forgery began to be considered unnecessary; and the rights of health and strength became the only rights acknowledged in the new community.

It was then that the general tumult and terror reached its height; and that Florence appeared like a city delivered over to pillage, in which each man made his best of what came next him; or rather like a vast ship lost in a tempest, under which she could not choose but founder; and where each man, according to the usage of desperate mariners, resolved to live at common cost, the short while longer that existence lasted. Domestics left in charge of their master's houses, burst open the cellars and cabinets, and used the treasure as their own. The richest garments were seen worn by common beggars; the most costly wines intoxicated the lowest of the population. All safe people fled the city at every hazard, or shut themselves up, and refused to communicate even with each other, and a scarcity of food—in the very excess of valuables and money—began to aggravate the general distress. Those physicians who still lived, now made off, with one consent, to secure what they had gained. The monks barred the gates of their convent; some would say no mass—and scarce any would confess the sick any longer. Some men lay dead, or dying in their houses, and none would come to aid or bury them. Others were found with marks of violence upon their bodies, and their chambers riffled; and none could say, nor did pry inquire, who had done it. The hired nurses, it was reported, poisoned their patients—and one beldam confessed afterwards, to having caused the death of five women by administering the *cau forte* (aqua fortis) to them instead of common water. Brute strength and freedom from the plague, became the only sources of power; and the slave spat in the face of his master. Those few who still dwelt within the city, or near it, watch armed, and shut their doors by day, for murders were done even in broad light. The cemeteries now became choaked, and there was more room in the streets and market places. Houses got cheap, and graves were hard to come by. The great *fosse* which had been hastily opened, and consecrated at the back of the Spedale, St. Martino, ran over with bodies, from all ranks, ages and conditions, which, night after night, were cast promiscuously into it. And, to quote the words used by a writer of the time, in describing the state of Florence at the close of the malady—almost for fault of matter to feed upon—"Worth was useless; strenght gone—glory sullied—title was buried—honors were forgotten—greatness humiliated—dignity scorned—and, of the good, and of the evil, equally perished the memory!" * *

NEW GOODS.

ASA BARTON, Agent,

HAS just received on consignment and for sale

English and American

CALICOES,

Light and Dark Colors, *consisting of a great variety of Patterns at very low prices.*

Cambrics; plain and figured Muslins; Foundation Muslin; Linen Cambric; Swiss Muslin, figured and plain; Swiss Muslin Points, *handsomely figured;* Worked Muslin Ruffs and Collars, a *new article;* Batiste Ginghams, *for ladies' dresses;* Muslin Dresses; Crape Dresses; Gross de Naples Silk Dresses *a variety of patterns,* VERY CHEAP; Black Canton Crape; Black and Changeable Lustrings; Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, *new style;* Gauze ditto; Barage Handkerchiefs, for Ladies, an entire new article, 25 *cts each;* elegant Valentia Mantles; Handsome Scarfs; Shawls, Green & White Gauze Veils, *figured & plain;* Black & White Silk Gloves; Kid Gloves; Flag Silk, Plaid & *real good* Black Silk Handkerchiefs; Gentlemen's Cravats, a great variety; Green Gauze; Black & White Lace; Black, Blue, Brown & White Pressed Crape; Bobbinett & Mecklin Lace & Edgings; Gimps; Pipings; Cords; Braids; Parasols, &c. Garniture, Cap, Belt and other Ribbons, making a larger assortment than ever before kept by him.——Cotton and Worsted Hose; Gentlemen's half Hose, *cheap;* English Nankin; Philadelphia Stripe; Skein and Spool Floss; white and Colored Threads; Bombazetts; Tabby Velvets; Demolies; Brown Linen; Vestings a great variety; Caroline Plaids; English Ginghams; Green, Red, Yellow and White Flannels; Russia Diaper; Buckram; black and white Millinett; Bonnet Wire; Ratan; Brown Cambrics for Bonnets; Sewing Silks, black and colored, &c. &c. &c.

—ALSO—

Pen and Pocket Knives, a great variety of patterns; Scissors; Scissor Chains; Snaps; Clasps; Brass Rings; black and white Hooks and Eyes; silver, steel and brass Thimbles; steel Pens; Stilettoes, *new fashion;* Tooth Brushes; Razor Straps, *very elegant for gentlemen;* Razors, *warranted to shave well or no sale;* Money Scales; Tooth Picks; cases Mathematical Instruments; Scales and Dividers; semi Circles; Carpenter's Rules; glass Beads; gold, gilt and hair Handkerchief Pins; Watch Chains, Seals and Keys; Spectacles, *a great variety;* steel Spectacle Cases; pocket Books and Wallets; memorandum Books; Sun Glasses; Pins; Needles; Suspender, Glass and other buttons; steel and gilt Bag Tops; Needle cases; ivory Rings and Whistles; snuff Boxes; Boxes paints, Camel's hair Pencils; Lead Pencils; head, side, hair, horn and ivory Combs, *very low;* iron and brittannia Table and Tea Spoons; Snuffers; Sponge, &c. with a great variety of other small articles.

—LIKEWISE—

Brown and Bleached Sheetings and Shirtings; Checks; Stripes; Ginghams; Satinetts; Yarns, from No. 7, to 19; Cotton, &c.

—TOGETHER WITH—

Johnson's and Steer's Opodeldoc; Lee's Family Pills; Dean's Rheumatic Pills; British Oil; Court Plaister; Anderson's Cough Drops; Brown's Drops for fits; Lagrange's Ointment for the Salt Rheum; Itch Ointment, &c. &c.

☞ALSO—Castile, La Fayette, Rose, Violet, Vegetable and Almond Soap; Wash Balls; Otter; Blue Vitriol; Nutmegs; Allspice; Pepper; Cinnamon; Copperas; Alum, &c.

☞All the above goods will be sold at *low prices for cash*—persons who wish to purchase will do well to call and examine for themselves, as such arrangements have been made in the selection of the above goods, that the prices must prove satisfactory to all who are judges of their value. *May 8.*

BROWN'S HISTORY OF UNIVERSALISM.

A FEW copies of this valuable work just received and for sale at the *Oxford Bookstore.*—Also, Balou's Notes on the Parables. *March 20.*

The Observer

Is published every Wednesday afternoon, by

ASA BARTON,

(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)

at $2 00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1-2 per cent. to all who pay each within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Long Notices at the usual prices.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher.

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VOL. III.]

MISCELLA

[FROM THE NATIONAL G

Letter from Gen. Lafayette to

PARIS, Ja

My Dear Friend—Your
December is the last in da
ceived, Those by Mr. C
Dr. Ralston have been sin
I am happy in every oppor
from you, and to talk of y
sons who have lately been
pany.

Our family has had to
afflicting loss. One of my
Lewis Lasteyrie, husband
ter Virginia, father to f
nephew to the agricultura
been taken from us after
illness. This unhappy
has made, of late, La Gra
pitable than I would have
has delayed till next Tues
sure we have in town to
evening with our Americ
friends; a meeting I resu
it can be done without
fixed days being the bes
each other; particularly
merican gentlemen, who
siduously devoted to the
is, indeed, gratifying to se
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improvement, which are
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those honorable speci
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I see from your letter,
there has been a great d
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Europe, even with resp
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dywine. To be sure, e
the United States, with
epistolary passport, has
attention; not that I ass
lege of an American pu
because your kindness
some of its duties; nor d
I ought to refuse my har
house, to any one whose
pleasure to shake at Inde
So, in case any America
distress on this side of th
I could do him some s
think it an obligation i
me. But the fact is, th
visit, that I know of, ha
no improper application
and of those ascertained
have given you a kind
the explanation will be
as that of our perils fro
Brandywine.

You will not consid
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who pretended he was
and indeed knew much o
or two letters from a p
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Member of Congress,
written in good English
an European cheat, as
charged with the inquir
of an American in the
ces. Those trifling an
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who had made a silly p
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selves, as they have s
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of my friend and broth

I dwell on these ci
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your kind letter, but be
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